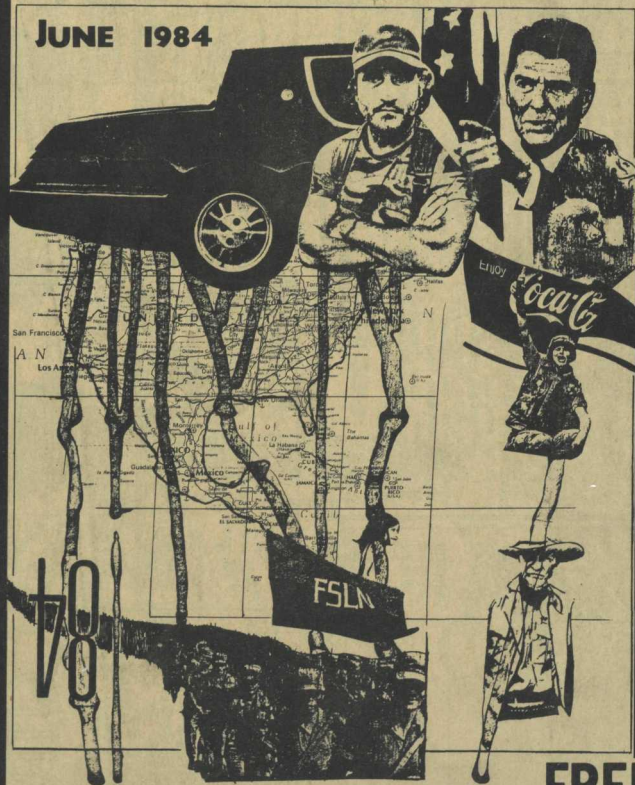


DISCORDER

A guide to CTR fm 102

CABLE 100

JUNE 1984



FREE

DISCORDER

A guide to CTR fm 102
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The Bard of Brixton

a lesson in socio-politics from Professor LKJ

Everyone admires a person who doesn't mince words. Most of the capacity crowd that saw Linton Kwesi Johnson at the SUB Ballroom left as admirers. When they arrived they fell largely into two categories: the enthusiastic LKJ fans, and the curious, who wondered what all the fuss had been about in the two weeks prior to the gig. They soon found out. Backed by the superlative Dennis Bovell Dub Band, LKJ thundered his way into the hearts and, more importantly, the consciences of the crowd.

So what's a black guy who's an expatriate Jamaican living in England and who talks mainly about the problems of class structure in Britain doing causing us West-Coast-of-N. America types to skank up a sweat?

"I hope people will be able to make some comparisons with some of the things I'm describing and maybe draw parallels with things happening here, but... I don't know a lot about what's happening in N. America so I wouldn't be able to say with any great authority. Maybe youth in New York or Toronto will be able to identify with all the experiences as youngsters growing up in a modern urban society with all it's problems and so on."

Your most well-documented topic is the plight of coloured minorities in a largely white society, a problem which Vancouver doesn't escape either; you're message is one of militant defiance: in one of your songs I recall you saying "Come what may, we are to stay." Be that as it may, do you not agree that multiracial harmony can really only be achieved through a change in the mass attitude rather than an attitude of militant defiance (on the part of the immigrants)?

"Well, let me talk about England: a lot of people have erroneously, or even mischievously, presented the problems of ethnic groups in Britain as being one of integration. The whole theory is always seen in terms of the solution being a kind of a nice little multi-cultural setup, but that is a false way of describing the problem. Britain, as I understand it, has always been a collection of nationalities, even before West Indians and Asians and other nationalities began going there. You had the English, the Welsh, the Scottish, the Irish and the Cornish.

"In the same way that the Irish question, Welsh nationalism, and Scottish nationalism came into the centre of the stage of British politics, so too the question of blacks and Asians in Britain, because we were coming from British colonies and being placed in the Colonial mould. We were forced to try and break out of that mould and that is basically what our struggles have been about over the last 25-30 years: to break out of the colonial mould that we were placed in and to try and live and work on the same basis as the rest of the English working class..."

But will it be through militancy—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?

"I don't think we can reduce it to that. The way we see it and by we I mean the organizations to which I belong, the Race Today collective, the Black Parents Movement and the Black Youth Movement, we need to organize ourselves to build independent institutions—social, cultural and political, because we adopted the slogan which is the slogan of young Asians in Britain: "Come what may, we are here to stay."

We would like to see Britain

change for the better. We want to be a part of the forces of change and we can only do that from a position of strength rather than weakness. That's how we see the way forward in England."

The danger with that, would you not agree, is that if you do build up a position of strength and it worse comes to worse then ethnic minorities and the natives tend to polarize—they will start backing "their own"—and in Britain there are 53,000,000 whites and only two or three million coloureds...

"I don't think we've ever perceived our struggle as a black versus white struggle. We've always had a political analysis and a political understanding of what our situation and problem is. We've never seen it as a black-white thing at all. We've always seen it basically as a class thing of which race is an important

aspect, so therefore I wouldn't envisage the kind of situation that you've just described."

What is your view of reggae that proclaims Rastafari and Jah as opposed to making socio-political comment?

"Well, that has always been an aspect of Jamaican popular music since we started to record music, and the Rastas have brought a tremendous amount of creativity and spirituality into the music and have also contributed towards it rhythmic evolution..."

He falters, unsure. I ask him for his views on the idealism of the religion.

"A lot of people sing Rasta songs and express Rasta sentiments because that's what they believe in; and a lot of them perhaps don't even believe in Rasta or believe in going back to Africa

but the language of Rasta has become the language of protest among the oppressed in Jamaica so it's quite natural for there to be so many songs couched on Rasta terminology."

Johnson still does not answer the question clearly. He's obviously dodging the issue. The impression he gives is that he's caught between defending reggae as an integral part of his background and culture and condemning its myopic, naive vision of spiritual bliss for the Chosen Tribes, led out of Babylon to an impoverished East African country under a dictator—who's now dead!

Despite this uncertainty, there's no doubt in his mind about the solutions to the broader issues that are of concern to him. He's one of those people who has the knack of making a lot of sense. Listen to his records and you'll know what I mean.

—Sukhvinder Johal

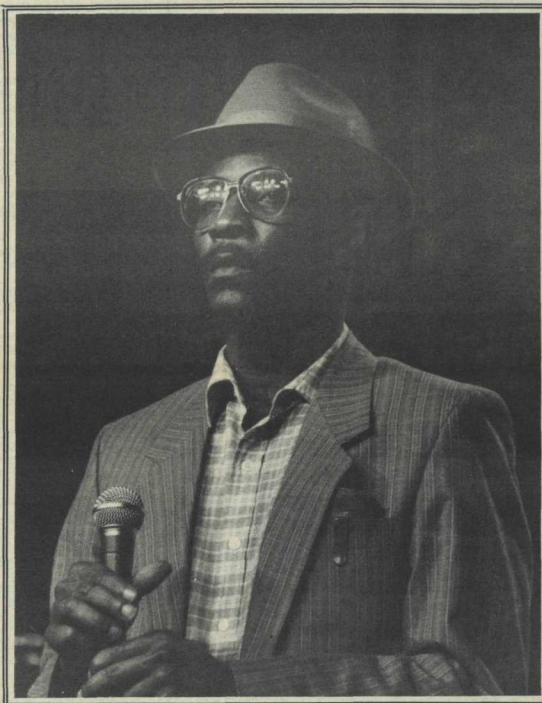


Photo by Neil Dowie



Photo by Neil Dowie

CITR DISCORDER

fm 102 Cable 100

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My beloved Airhead,

In response to Lisette Bolduc's reference to Tony Beavis: am I the last person in Vancouver to realize that the "Anthony Beavis" is also the "Principal character in Aldous Huxley's 'Eyeless in Gaza'?" How dare this impostor claim to have an above average intelligence when he starts his letter with childish references to excrement. Let this be a warning to you A.B., if this is your real name, I blame your mother for exploiting the works of Aldous Huxley in this manner. I know this letter comes four months late but it's never too late to defend CITR or Aldous Huxley, for that matter. Anyway, back to the present. Since you are starting a "war of words" Webster's states that alternative is "that which may be chosen or omitted as one of two things, so that if one is taken, the other must be left". In other words CITR has the alternative not to play U2. If "Bono's White Flag" has all of U2's albums and he can listen to their music on CFOX, why is he bothering you? I also suggest that "BWF" adopt another expression besides "Samhill".

XXXXXXXXXX
Penelope Pitstop

Dear Airhead,

I'm writing in response to the letters from Greg Rum and "I'd rather not listen." I cannot understand why you and a lot of other listeners jump on them so fast. I happened to stumble across your radio station when it could only be received on cable about 4 years ago. At that time about 85% of the music was new and alternative. Now it's hard to tell the difference between your station and about three others. The only good DJ there now that plays good music is Mark Mushet. I would hardly call this form of music a novelty. I have been listening to this "novelty" for the past three years, and the novelty hasn't worn off. These two people who took the time to write to you are in the small minority that appreciate good music. I am not saying that any other type of music isn't good; it's a personal preference, but you are (were) supposed to be an alternative radio station. In case you've forgotten what alternative means I quote from the dictionary: "alternative" - occur by turns, first one and then the other, interchange regularly. I imagine I'll also get some smartass response but I will get the last laugh when your station is playing this music 4 years from now.

D. Jonz

Dear Airhead,
I am amazed at the violent reaction to Greg Rum's suggestion that CITR, "the alternative music" station give fair air time to bands such as Portion Control, Nocturnal Emissions, and Legendary Pink Dots.

I work in an establishment where we play our own tapes

AIRHEAD

c/o CITR Radio
6138 S.U.B. Blvd.
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V6T 2A5

and I have had constant favourable reactions to the music I play, which includes these bands and others like them. The need and demand for new sounds is obviously there and can't be ignored.

"Music may be just 'notes'" but it's what one does with these notes that makes music "old" or "new". These bands are creating sounds and producing music unlike a lot of things you've ever heard before. What's so irrational about refusing to limit oneself to the ridiculously conservative boundaries established in so much of the music represented by the majority of the bands listed in CITR's "Top 50".

Obviously there are some people who don't mind stagnating and naturally limit their acceptance of progression.

I am not going to start slagging any other kinds of music, whether it be classical or metal, but let's face it, its all been done before.

Matilda.

WOW, this is great! Some of you people are really getting worked up about this whole "alternative" issue or more specifically, what CITR should or should not be playing. A thing that disturbs me when I read a good many of the letters that come into the station is the pervasive notion that there is some omnipresent individual here at CITR whose programming dictates are law. Musically speaking, this is a complete misconception. On the average there are 40 different announcers minding the ol' store during any given week, each of whom has his or her own musical tastes. Aside from some very broad and basic legal and ethical guidelines, they're free to program whatever they want. Nobody here orders them to play (or not play) anything. If you don't like what an announcer is playing, phone 228-2487, say so -- politely of course -- and suggest an alternative [harhar!]

From a philosophical standpoint, CITR does not "black-list" artists like Legendary Pink Dots or Portion Control etc. Why should we? The mere fact that these artists are being ignored by other stations in town means that they fall within our musical mandate. What a lot of you seem to forget is that there are literally thousands of artists who, for one reason or another, do not get their fair share of airplay here or elsewhere. CITR is far from perfect but when it comes to satisfying wildly divergent tastes, we do give it the old college try. Of course we'll never please everyone all of the time, but really, does the mere fact that someone plays an instrument as outmoded as the guitar mean that, as a result, his work is undeserving of CITR airplay? Come now, it sounds like you're suffering from a mild case of tunnelvision. Mark Mushet is extremely pleased to learn that his show commands such a staunch following but rather distressed by the seemingly widespread belief that his

musical tastes are limited to those encompassed within the format of "Fast Forward". When he's not doing the aforementioned show he's been known to play a few (gasp) rock songs and he tells me that doesn't feel any less sophisticated or "alternative" for it.

The CITR monthly Top 50 printed in Discorder does not reflect one extremely influential individual's musical tastes. Rather, it's a composite of the artists most frequently played on the station be they listener's requests or the personal faves of our announcers. In other words, it's not a closed circle. If you want to hear more of a certain artist, call us and ask for it. Generally we go out of our way to play requests. Better yet, if you're truly committed to your music, come in and join the station. For a nominal membership fee, you can play radio your way and maybe convert a few people to your way of thinking. One way or another, let's remember that not everybody marches to the beat of the same drummer (drumbox). To me, the essence of CITR's "alternativeness" lies in its commitment to music for music's sake, regardless of style. Its far from perfect but its a helluva lot better than the other alternative. If I may be so bold as to speak for the other 39 DJs who occupy the CITR airwaves, we play music that we think has real merit. If you disagree-- and some of you obviously do-- please help us make CITR a better medium for commercially neglected music. We're not just doing it for ourselves.

Dear Airhead,

In response to your response to "Bono's White Flag", here's my definition to what "alternative" music is, or rather what it's not.

Alternative music is not molded music -- eg. "rock-and-roll" or "soft-rock", easy listening, or "elevator music" -- it is not intended to conform to the commercial radio stations boring repetitive predictable "music" that is designed to please the sponsor as much (if not more) than the audience in radio-land. Alternative music is music for music's sake, not the top-40's or sponsors. So I win the \$64,000???

Ingrid Ebert
P.S. I particularly enjoy your "Sunday Brunch" and George B's "Rocker's show". (All a part of that elusive "alternativeness", eh?)

Dear Airhead,

CITR is an alternative music station. As it's title implies, it provides the Vancouver area with an alternative to the music played on commercial stations. Therefore I think CITR's policy of dropping a band once it get commercial airplay is a good one.

It is important to realize that dropping a band from the playlist is not a result of artistic opinion, it is an action intended to maintain the alternative format of the station.

Chant and be happy!

Lahma

GRANDMASTER FLASH

- a diagnosis

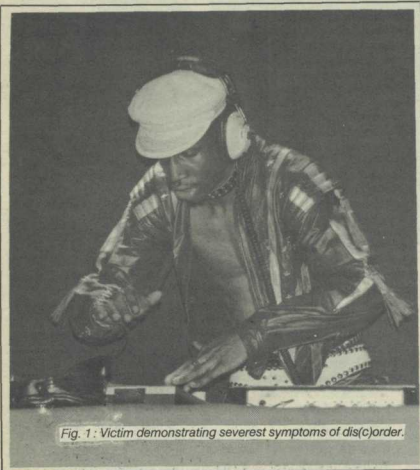


Fig. 1: Victim demonstrating severest symptoms of dis(c)order.

Photo By Neil Dowdle

A small and very lean man walked into CITR on Monday, May 21st. He was wearing 30 pounds of black leather and studs, and amazing blue mirrored sunglasses from Texas that made him look a little like a housefly. He comes from the South Bronx, not a particularly affluent section of the Metropolitan New York area. He came to talk about a very peculiar disease that he has; his symptoms are very advanced, more advanced than the other known victims of the ailment.

The disease is called "turntableitis." The small man claims that he was the first registered case; he's had it for about 12 years now. He never said exactly where he first contracted it, but apparently the symptoms increased in severity the more he visited the night clubs and party spots in his neighborhood. Here is his own account of how the disease wreaked havoc on his life and the lives of those around him when he first contracted it:

"You see, I'm a very fidgety person. When I went into a night club, I would hear the DJs letting songs play right through to the end, and after a while I found I just couldn't stand it any longer. I had to touch those turntables. Owners of the clubs would curse me out 'cause I'd wreck their equipment, I was putting so much pressure on it. I was ostracized by club society 'cause people hated the sounds I was making when I touched the turntables all the time.

"So I would get old junk equipment and fix it up and use that. It took a very long time for me to be accepted by the people in the clubs. I really wanted to work the clubs, but this disease... (cries of anxiety)... I just COULDN'T HELP IT!!!"

Luckily for the small man, he was able to form a coalition with persons suffering from a speech defect that made them talk in syncope with recorded music. As a united front, they were able to make headway in overcoming the initial prejudices against them. By this time the small man was not alone; many others were contracting the disease in the clubs and were demanding fair and equitable treatment by club owners and the general public.

A woman of great benevolence, who was raised in the neighborhood but had since moved to New Jersey, stepped in to help the poor diseased boys. She had founded an institution in New Jersey that promised aid to the young men if only they would sign contracts devoting their time to working for the institute. She told them that she could give them meaningful careers in the industry they loved best, the music business. Their first project was to release their energies in the recording studio. The boys thought this was wonderful.

But all was not well in New Jersey. The woman, who the small man refers to now only as SHE, was not motivated by a concern for the man's turntableitis or

the others' speech impediments. All SHE really wanted was to profit from the record that the coalition made. She denied them meaningful careers, allowing them only to perform on the records. She withheld funds that rightly should have belonged to the coalition. The coalition consulted their attorneys and decided to file a law suit.

With the small man at their head, the coalition took the institute to court. Hard times hit; no longer did they have a place to do what they could not help doing. Three of the boys inflicted with syncope speech could not control themselves during the long months it took before they could appear in court; they decided to go back and work for the institute. In the end the remaining victims gained freedom and won the right to use the name of the coalition.

The turntableitis victim is now leading a life as normal as any of ours (except for his disease). He can perform in public and he did just that in our city on Wednesday, May 23rd. The classic symptoms of turntableitis were in evidence: the hyperactivity, the touching of the turntables, the preference for music by such noted musicians as Herbie Hancock (himself a suspected victim of the disease), the inexplicable tendency to dress like Rick James. At several points during the show the small man's fits of turntableitis got the better of him; twice he touched the turntables too much and the coordination of the syncope orators was disturbed. Apparently one of the more debilitating effects of the disease is the sheer physical exhaustion it brings on after a very short while. Many were disappointed by the length of the coalition's set, but after the show they very politely said that they simply could not continue. They sincerely hoped that the audience understood their message; they spoke fervently of the poor living conditions in the Bronx, the fun that they have now that they're able to perform again in public, and for an encore they spoke of a dangerous white dust that people had told them to take for relief from their respective conditions.

In recent years the coalition has devised a way to help those afflicted with turntableitis and syncope speech impediments. The name "Grandmaster Flash" appears on any recording made by the coalition. If you would like to aid people suffering from turntableitis you can buy these recordings, and a healthy portion of your contribution goes directly to the afflicted. Donations are not, however, tax deductible.

—Fiona MacKay

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Verdict

HOLGER CZUKAY

Upon buying the album.

Who is this old guy? Holger Czukay (Hole-grrr Choo-kye). He's German. Ya, that's obvious. Most of the writing on the cover's in German. So's the name of the album: *Der Osten ist Rot* (whatever that's supposed to mean). But who is he? That's what I want to know. He looks like Einstein with straight hair—and not a young Einstein either. Holger's old. Older than Brian Mulrooney and Joe Clark. He makes Mick Jagger look like a snot nosed punk.

What's he doing putting out albums that got filed in the ROCK section of the local

import store? What's he doing collaborating with mere youths like Jah Wobble and The Edge? Is he a sicko?

Take a close look at that album cover. Check out the other folks on the inner sleeve. Conny Plank, Jaki Liebezelt, Gandhi—they're all old, too. And German (probably).

Let's not get paranoid or anything, but is this a plot? They're a band of neo-Nazi hippies, aren't they? Holger's their leader and their mission is to infiltrate pop music the world over, enter kids' minds, twist them and subvert them to some perverse end: make them want to be arms manufacturers when they grow up, or stockbrokers, or longshoremen.

This isn't stupid. This is serious.



One album listening later.

Hmmmm. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe I was being paranoid. I mean, hey, it's good. I was a bit scared at first. That opening cut *Photograph* sounded suspiciously ancient. The kind of tune you'd figure your grandfather sang to your grandmother on their first date, like one of those old Presley-McCartney compositions that get played on muzak stations all the time. Nice, you understand, and happy. But maybe a little too nice and happy.

After that though, it's pretty hardy country. Not rock'n roll. More just weirdness with a beat (sometimes without a beat), lots of tapes and machines, hisses and buzzes, with synthesizers, pianos, guitars, horns, drums.

The point is, don't worry. These old guys are okay (I think). They make cool sounds. And they probably had fun doing it. The title track *Der Osten ist Rot* is a military march put to a jazzy, calypso beat. Sort of like Kik Creole and the Coconuts get drafted. There's lots of other

neat moods, too. You could fall asleep to this album and know your dreams'd be interesting.

Even later.

Who was that git that said he hoped he'd die before he got o. He obviously never heard Holger Czukay and friends. I've listened to *Der Osten ist Rot* twice now and I'm still not going to be an arms manufacturer when I grow up.

Noddy (Age 14)

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

Ocean Rain

Act four, in which Our Hero continues his search for the answer to the question of life, the universe and everything. Indeed, more than ever it appears that this band has become the vehicle for the vocal and lyrical gyrations of Head Bunny Ian McCulloch. I no longer find it as intriguing as I used to, but the insidious immediacy of earlier works has given way to the cute smart-ass word play of McCulloch, the Cryptic Mystic. Greater Merseyside's own friendly neighbourhood Thinker.

After their first two outstanding albums, Porcupine saw them scrambling to maintain that standard while trying out fresh ideas. Although the end result was only partly successful, I recall awaiting the arrival of that album with



eager anticipation. After listening to *Ocean Rain*, the anticipation for their next album, although still there, is no longer necessarily eager.

Without wishing to sound like a dewy-eyed nostalgic, it must be said that *Ocean Rain's* rediscovery of a couple of old reliables: Will Sergeant's guitarwork, while not always spitting out (dis) chords and notes like shards of broken glass, has reasserted itself as one of the most refreshingly innovative in contemporary rock, and Mac's undeniably impressive voice, no longer always soaring and swooping, but still forcing one to listen to it. The lyrics too, at the risk of self-contradiction,

have something to do with it. *Thorn of Crowns* (ha ha, Ian) and *My Kingdom* are show-cases.

For the most part, however, (egomani) Mac and his Bunnies have chosen to orchestrate, with the help of a real orchestra (will the cello really replace the synth as the Next Big Instrument, Ian?), a path of meandering mini-epics a la *Killing Moon*, which opens side two. Barry Manilow meets Jim Morrison. Close your eyes to the title track and imagine four Bunnies in tuxedos providing lounge music while you eat your meal and discuss the presently unexceptional nature of a once excellent (and, potentially, still a force to be reckoned with) rock

band.

Gone are the unique arrangements, the abrupt changes of pace which lurked around the sharp edges of the songs. Whereas before he asked angry questions and confronted issues with ironic humour, he's now merely airing his own private thoughts with what seems to me to be an air of contrived ambiguity.

"Look at me, aren't I surreal, maan!" Ooh Ian, you artiste, you!

Greatness. Regrettably, unless they snap out of it, Echo and the Bunnymen are in danger of becoming one of those bands that had a strong grasp on it, but let it slip and spent the rest of their existence looking for it before

disintegrating under the strain of the search. The Procul Harum of the '80's.

Act Five may reveal all. -Sukhvinder Johal



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MEAT PUPPETS

Meat Puppets II

The early Meat Puppets recordings were faster-than-light noise with the vocals reeled off in such blurred fashion, it was virtually impossible to decipher them without the aid of the lyrics sheet and a linguistics professor. The Meat Pups have done a complete 360° split-reversal spin back to their roots: Arizona-style laidback jamming, combined it with some tricks from up their 'cowpunk' sleeve, and have come out with what has to be one of the sleeping-dogs of the great American underground sound for 1984.

There are some superlative tracks on this disc; in fact, out of the 12 tracks on it, there are only a couple of weak ones. The rest are sheer pleasurable listening material; for me, anyways. *Magic Toy Missing*, *I'm A Mindless Idiot*, and *Aurora Borealis*, all instrumentals, were especially delightful. The latter song, which utilizes Spanish-sounding guitar, has almost a trance-like power to it; I listened to it over and over and over ... The songs sung by one or both of the multi-talented Kirkwood brothers were no slouches either.

Climbing and *Plateau* are slow but very pleasing to listen to, and like much of the material, draw from various late '60s-early '70s influences such as the Grateful Dead and Allman Brothers; sort of a Country and Western blended with southern rock and the psychedelic '60s sound. Curt Kirkwood's vocals remind me very much of Neil Young's. Strange comparisons, perhaps, but you get the idea. Only a few cuts on this platter, like *Split Myself In*



Two, and *New Gods* sound anything close to the first Meat Pups LP: rapid, skanking stuff. The cool song titles are matched by just as hip lyrics.

"I've grown tired of living Nixon's mess walkin' the breezeways again." Probably the best cut on this record is *The Whistling Song*, a real catchy tune complete with a whistling solo in the midst of it.

This disc is a real pleasure to listen to, a nice surprise. Some hardcore types may yearn for the Meat Puppets of yesteryear, but most are ecstatic about this new sound. Y'all git yer asses down to yer local vinyl pusher and pick yourselves one of dese Meat Pulp's vinyl slabs up, ye hear!

Mike A.R. Dennis

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

Blood on the Saddle

Through the desolate spiritual wasteland of Dead Loss Angeles rides the new cowboy, the rugged individualist who dreams of Injun fightin', cacti, the skulls of cattle and dead men, and the simple life. And benzadrine. These urban cowboys are making music too.

The term "cowpunk" had been banded about to describe varying types of music, ranging from bands like Rank and File who verge on traditional C & W, to bands like Jason and the Scorchers, who are an updated version of The Flying Burrito Brothers and other very good but ignored country rock bands of the 1970's.

This term can be more adequately applied to bands based in Los Angeles which

combine the spirit of traditional white American music, minus the modern affectations of sequined suits and laxative hikes, with the sheer violence of hardcore punk. This version of Hank Williams on speed is performed in dead seriousness by Blood on the Saddle, Tex and the Horseheads, and to a lesser extent, The Gun Club, the Meat Puppets, and X.

Blood on the Saddle consists of: Greg Davis, guitar and vocals; Annette Zillinkas, vocals; Ron Botelho, upright bass; and Hermann Senec, drums and vocals. They have put together an album that is gritty, thoughtful and fairly tight, with occasional flashes of humour) for example, *Car Mechanic's Blues* is a witty automotive sexual metaphor).

The album is reminiscent in its slower parts to the slower songs on the Gun Club's *Miami* album. In this case, however, an encompassing sense of melancholy replaces much of the violence found on *Miami*. Greg Davis's slightly out of tune voice enhances this feeling, as it is in the tradition of all great country voices; not pretty, but full of emotion. Annette's voice, on the other hand, is as bright, sprightly, and vigorous as Wanda Jack-

son of twenty-five years ago (and that was scorching). She is featured on (*I Wish I Was a Single Girl (Again)*) and *Do You Wanna Dance*.

The highlights of the album are its moody pieces; *Banks of the Rio* and *I've Never Been Married*. The lyrics are thoughtful and introspective, and capture the feelings of the lonely loner, perhaps a high plains drifter. The music is traditional, and includes some really biting slide guitar.

My only reservation about the album is that some of the faster tracks are far too reminiscent of Led Zep's *Hot Dog*, but this feeling goes away with a bit of concentration. Kudos to New Alliance Records (which is the Minutemen's label) for releasing this record. It deserves a listening (or several).

Rob Simms

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On the Waterfront

The **Waterfront** record compilation, released locally in April, is a unique example of co-operation between musicians and their promoters and is indicative of the healthy and diverse music scene currently operating in Vancouver. A professionally produced and packaged double album, **The Waterfront** features demo tracks recorded by 16 groups who have yet to release anything of their own on vinyl or cassette.

From the jazz-rock-folk-blues-classical fusion (gasp!) of Melchizedek to the polished pop sounds of Rubber Biscuit and One Fell Swoop, **The Waterfront** offers a credible mainstream selection of music from bands who obviously hope to achieve some commercial success on their own. The album is as much for the musicians themselves as it is an offering to cater to public tastes.

The album takes its name from The Waterfront Corral, an established country and western cabaret which opened its doors to a younger and more diverse group of musicians last summer. Since then, the 125-seat cabaret has played host to a multitude of local acts, many of whom made their public debut there. The 16 bands included on the compilation helped to raise the funds needed to record their respective tracks by

playing at the cabaret. Their being selected had nothing to do with aesthetic criteria; it was based more pragmatically on who simply could afford the time and money. One individual is responsible for coordinating the entire effort — Al Hyland.

Hyland, a Toronto native who released the compilation of T.O. sounds in 1982, arrived in Vancouver less than one year ago and was instrumental in changing The Waterfront's policy. Since becoming booking agent there (a position he recently vacated), Hyland has acted as a catalyst in the cultivation of a healthy local music scene. His work at The Waterfront and the release of the album on his own label are integral steps toward a goal Hyland hopes to achieve in 1986.

Yes, of course ... Vancouver's centenary celebrations ... the World's Exposition ... the year this city will finally establish its claim to international stardom. Hyland, like many others, is excited about the prospects.

Hyland hopes to put together a Canadian compilation designed for international distribution. With that under his belt, Hyland feels he will have learned enough about his trade to actually make some money out of it.



Booked by Sam Spiegel
Directed by Elia Kazan
Screenplay by Budd Schulberg
Music by Elia Kazan
Photographed by Boris Kaizer
Editor by Richard Hall
Produced by Elia Kazan
Running time: 106 minutes

CAST:

Tony Malloy
John Barry
Johnny Farnham
Charley Malloy
Karyn Dugan
John Doyle
Clayton
Big Ma
Truck
Tillie
Pop Doyle
Mott
Moose
Lola
Jimmy
Raney
JP
Spence
Gilette
Shin
Tommy
Mrs. Collins

Prior to **On the Waterfront**, they had largely avoided the music business and the

The **Waterfront** record, retailing at around \$10, is unlikely to appeal to any one individual in its entirety. A common criticism of the album, and the club itself, is that in trying to accommodate too many styles and directions, the result is a mish-mash that lacks a strong focus. Also, many feel it is a poor representation of the Vancouver scene as it does not even hint at the eclecticism and innovation evident in the so-called "underground." But, as Hyland claims, it is primarily the musicians' re-

cord, and, due to the circumstances that dictated its execution, **The Waterfront** does not pretend to represent the entire Vancouver scene, under- or over-ground.

Regardless of its strengths and weaknesses, the fact that **The Waterfront** album is a physical reality rather than a half-baked notion is commendable enough. Oddly enough, it has taken an out-of-town to prove that the interest and energy is there to undertake such an adventure. Thanks, Al.

—Michael Shea

Final Vinyl

Heard nightly at 11 p.m.

MONDAY - Jazz Albums

June 04 Terence Blanchard & Donald Harrison - New York Second Line

11 Wilbur Ware Quintet - The Chicago Sound (Riverside)

18 Lester Bowie - Numbers One & Two (Nessa)

25 Freddie Redd - Shades of Redd (Blue Note)

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY - New Playlist Albums

THURSDAY - "Mel Brewer Presents": all the dirt on local noise: new releases, interviews, demo tapes, exposes ...

FRIDAY - 1-2-3 Funk Rock 'n' Soul Albums

June 01 Parliament - Funkentelechy vs. The Placebo Syndrome

08 The Ike & Tina Turner Show - Live!

15 Sex, Sweat & Blood - The New Danceability

22 War - The World is a Ghetto

29 Wilson Pickett - Don't Knock My Love

SATURDAY - #1 Playlist Album

SUNDAY - "Fast Forward"'s Neglected Album: whatever Mark Mushet gets in the mail - the alternative to alternative



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BEER NIGHT

FRIDAYS—

MILLER TIME
DANCE TO THE SOUNDS OF
GOOD OLD ROCK & ROLL (9:00 - 1:00)

SATURDAYS—

"LET IT BE LOWENBRAU"
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	SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
7		... WAKE UP REPORT: 8am - to make you a well informed early riser					
8	new music from local to international	PUBLIC AFFAIRS: 9am-9:20					
9	MUSIC OF OUR TIME	discovers current social issues covered with an unusual twist	dimensions: topics artists only	dimensions: topics artists only	dimensions: topics artists only	dimensions: topics artists only	dimensions: topics artists only
10	artists for the contemporary listener	local to international	local to international	local to international	local to international	local to international	local to international
11	NEWS SUNDAY BRUNCH poets, plays & presentations	.. BREAKFAST REPORT: 10 am - news for the not so early riser ..	.. LUNCH REPORT: 1 pm - news and information to munch by ..	.. NEWS BREAK: 3:30 pm - a short intermission to relieve the music ..	.. SPORTS BREAK: 4:30 pm - hips & hoarays for the sportier listener ..	.. DINNER REPORT: 6 pm - news & info to digest and discuss ..	.. HIGH PROFILE: 8 pm - various artists and their music highlighted with career facts and unknown tracks for the connoisseur
12	reggae for rasta	THE ROCKERS SHOW	and commoner I'RUE MON	daffy fun & gratuitous	THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON SHOW	fatality for adults of all ages.	SUNDAY MAY our special weekend news feature
1	THE SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE	where it's at for Vancouver's hip crowd...	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ	his bag of alternatives to give you the "other" music plus an alternative album feature at 11	JAZZ album	FINAL VINYL: 11 pm new playlist album
2	LIFE AFTER BED	BANANAS FROM EQUADOR	CENSORED	EARLY MORNING	CENSORED	BEDTIME FOR BONGS	AGAINST MEDICAL ADVICE
3	our form of after hours entertainment: for the wild and wonderful people of the night. Can't sleep? Tune in to these shows and discover CTR's normal side: fairy tales, fan mail, and (our favorite) music.						

50 Most Played Bands on CTR

1. Iggy Pop [and the Stooges]
2. Echo and the Bunnymen
3. The Cure
4. Violent Femmes
5. Laurie Anderson
6. Brian Eno [and friends]
7. D.O.A.
8. Roxy Music
9. King Crimson
10. Linton Kwesi Johnson
11. The Cramps
12. Siouxsie and the Banshees
13. R.E.M.
14. Special AKA
15. Talking Heads
16. New Order
17. David Bowie
18. Killing Joke
19. The Jam
20. Trevor Jones
21. Elvis Costello and the Attractions
22. Jason and the Scorchers
23. Meat Puppets
24. Emily
25. Spear of Destiny
26. Beverly Sisters
27. Psychedelic Furs
28. Shanghai Dog
29. Jon and the Nightriders
30. Style Council
31. True West
32. X
33. Holger Czukay
34. The Smiths
35. Kate Bush
36. Frank Chickens
37. Fad Gadget
38. Buzzcocks
39. The Stranglers
40. Naz Nomad and the Nightmares [aka the Damned]
41. Shriekback
42. Dead Kennedys
43. Chris and Cosy
44. Grace Jones
45. Kraftwerk
46. U2
47. The 3 O'Clock
48. Nina Hagen
49. Simple Minds
50. Lou Reed

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LAVA, THE ENIGMAS

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June 3 1, Braineater
June 10 Actionauts
June 17 Bolero Lava
June 24 The Enigmas

Joining CTR

In a dark and steamy room, somewhere in East Vancouver...

Q: I listen to CTR all the time... How can I get involved?

A: First, you have to become a member of the station...

Q: Oh... there's a financial catch?

A: If you want to look at it like that. Your membership allows you to come to our studios to programme. It also brings you two buttons, plus a CTR sticker for your favorite surface.

Q: Sounds good. What else does my membership do?

A: It shows that you support

the best and most exciting in alternative broadcasting, supporting music, news and information programming that you can't hear anywhere else - you know, normal radio.

Q: What's the damage?

A: If you join now, the membership fee is \$12.50, until September. Then it's \$25.00 from September until the same month next year.

Q: Do I have to be a UBC student to join?

A: No.

Q: Can I come down and play my entire library of all-time pogo polka hits?

A: We'll talk...

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